

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

PRICE {4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY NEXT,
(FEBRUARY 2nd, 4th, and 6th.)

"FAUST," in ENGLISH,

LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON TACCANI & FLORENCE LANCIA.
SANTLEY, MARCHESI, DUSSEK & SIMS REEVES.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF

"FAUST," in ENGLISH,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

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SANTLEY, MARCHESI, DUSSEK & SIMS REEVES.

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VICTORIA HALL,

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Ms. HENRY SCHALLEHN begs to announce that his

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE ABOVE HALL, ON

THURSDAY EVENING, February 11th,

When he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—

VOCALISTS.

Mademoiselle GEORGI, Miss FLORENCE DE COURCY,
Mr. GEORGE TEDDER, Mr. ROGERS MORLEY,

AND

Mr. FRANK D'ALQUEN.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.

Pianoforte { Mdlle. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN.
Miss ROSA BRINSMEAD, R.A.M.

Violoncello, Mr. VINCENT PURRIER.

Violin and Saxophone, Mr. HENRY SCHALLEHN.

Conductor, Mr. EMILE BERGER.

To commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

Reserved Seats, 4s.; Body of Hall, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Schallehn, 17 Cambridge Terrace, Holland Road, Kensington.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, 1864.

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Directors.

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FREDERICK LABLACHE, Esq.	PROFESSOR WYLDE, Mus. Doc.

THIS Society is an Association of Professional and Amateur Musicians, for the cultivation of the Musical Art, by means of Private Music Meetings for the practice of Vocal Works, consisting of Motets, Madrigals, Part Songs, &c., and Instrumental Works, comprising Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c., to be performed by the Members.

A small band of Orchestral Performers will be formed as soon as a sufficient number of qualified Members are willing to unite for that purpose.

There will be eight Meetings on Tuesday Evenings, in the Months of February, March, April, May, June, July, November and December.

The first Meeting on Tuesday, the 16th of February, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

The Members will have opportunities afforded them of producing new works, and by an arrangement with Dr. Wylde, they will be entitled to free admission to all the New Philharmonic Concerts and Public Rehearsals given under his direction. The Annual Subscription One Guinea.

Those who may desire to become Members, are requested to apply to any of the Directors, the Honorary Secretary, T. H. Wright, Esq., 163 Albany Street; Messrs. Cramer & Co., 261 Regent Street; Messrs. Olivier & Co., 19 Old Bond Street; and Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC

CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—THIRTEENTH SEASON.—The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the Concerts and Public Rehearsals will be resumed after Easter. The performance will be on the same grand scale as in former seasons.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" and ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER," on MONDAY, February 8th. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Sidney R. Smith, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Santley. The Band and Chorus, on the most extensive scale available in Exeter Hall, will consist of nearly 700 Performers. Reserved Gallery, 6s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; at the Society's Office, No. 6 in Exeter Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S

CHOIR.—THURSDAY, February 4, Eight o'clock, Mendelssohn's cantata, "O Sons of Art," for male voices and brass instruments, for the first time; also Wesley's motet, "In exitu, Israel," the madrigals "Light of my Soul" (Pearsall), "As Vesta was" (Weelkes), and "The Waits" (Saville); the part songs, "Welcome Spring" (Leslie), "Cradle Song" (Smart), and "The cloud-capt Towers" (Stevens)—Sofa stalls, 6s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission, 1s.; family tickets for four, 21s.—Addison and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Austin, 28 Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside. Season subscription, 21s. and 10s. 6d.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will APPEAR at the

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled PARIS, and Mrs. BROWN AT THE PLAY, on THURSDAY, Feb. 4, and Every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight, and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-office at the Hall will be open on and after Monday, Feb. 1, between the hours of eleven and five daily.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE

SONG OF MAY," composed by HENRY SMART, at Mr. Howard Glover's Grand Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, THIS DAY, Saturday, the 30th January.

MDLLE. GEORGI will sing at Mr. Howard Glover's

Grand Morning Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, THIS DAY, Saturday, Jan. 30.

MR. W. CUMMINGS will sing REICHAARDT's popular

Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. Howard Glover's Grand Concert, THIS DAY, at Drury Lane Theatre.

MR. GEORGE HOGARTH and Miss HELEN

HOGARTH beg to announce their removal to No. 23 Amphil Square, Mornington Crescent, N.W.

NEW SACRED VOCAL MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

Just published, price 3s.,

A CHRISTMAS PASTORALE,

"SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BEAUTIFUL BABE."

The Poetry by the Late FATHER FABER, D.D.

The Music by WILHELM SCHULTHES.

"In two numbers back of our paper, we mentioned some musical compositions well adapted for the approaching holy season. We now inform our readers of a new Christmas Pastoral, which has only been published a few days, and which is likely to prove doubly welcome to lovers of sacred music, since the words are taken from an unpublished, and therefore quite unknown, hymn of the late Father Faber. Herr Schulthes, the conductor of the Oratory Choir has been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the words and the permission of the Fathers of the Oratory to set it to Music. He has treated it as a song for mezzo soprano, and has produced a simple and very devotional composition, the merits of which will not fail to be appreciated, since the composer has so carefully studied to adapt his melody to the spirit of the words. The few bars of introduction on the pianoforte may serve to represent the pastoral music of the shepherds until the voice of the Divine Mother enters with the words—"Sleep, sleep, my beautiful Babe." We are glad to see that the publishers, Messrs. Duncan Davison, have printed the whole Hymn at full length at the commencement of the piece. The song is known by its first words—"Sleep, sleep, my beautiful Babe!"—*Weekly Register*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published, Price 3s.

"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER"

(Cradle Song),

Composed and Dedicated to Miss BANKS, by ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

A Violoncello part to the above, as played by Signor Plattl, is published, price 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON, & Co., 244 Regent Street.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

"I WOULD HEAR YOU, WARBLER"

(L'Usignuolo—The Nightingale),

Composed by E. MUZIO.

This popular Song, sung at Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts and at St. James's Hall by Mlle. Carlotta Patti, with distinguished success, is published, with English and Italian Words (the English Version of the Words by JOHN OXFORD, Esq.), and a Portrait of Carlotta Patti, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

W. H. HOLMES'S FOUR SACRED PIECES for the Pianoforte.

"SUNDAY AT HOME;" Introducing "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," (*Messiah*) "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace," and Evening Hymn, "Glory to Thee my God this night." 3s.

"CHRISTMAS;" Introducing "Christians Awake," Pastoral Symphony from the *Messiah* ("The shepherd's playing on their pipes," &c.), Chorus, "For unto us a child is born" (*Messiah*), and "Lo, he comes on clouds descending." 3s.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE;" Introducing "Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing," "Adeste Fideles," and the Sicilian mariner's hymn." 3s.

"EASTER;" Introducing Easter Hymn "Jesus Christ is risen to day," "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell" (*Messiah*), "Hallelujah chorus," Handel. 3s.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Where also may be obtained:—Highland Echo, 3s.; and Selections from the Drawing Room of Compositions, by Eminent Composers:—No. 1. "Inspiration," by E. Wolfe, 1s.; No. 2. "Gaiety," by Handel, 1s.

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AND

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ADELINA PATTI'S CELEBRATED WALTZ
Transcribed for the Pianoforte by

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20th Edition.

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ASCHER'S Popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" The twentieth edition of this celebrated song is now ready, and may be obtained of the Publishers, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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(The formation and Cultivation of the Voice for Singing).

BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

"One of the most scientific and practical musical works that has appeared, is one entitled 'The Formation and Cultivation of the Voice for Singing,' by Adolfo Ferrari.—*English (Natal) News*.

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Mazurka de Concert, pour Piano.

Dediee à son ami Monsieur EDOUARD, DE PARIS,

PAR

WILHELM GANZ.

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Par

WILHELM SCHULTHES.

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"LE BAL," Di gioja insolita,

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Composed by MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

With French and Italian Words.

Price 3s.

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"The Lily of the Thames Quadrille," with cornet accompaniment ...	4 0
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"The Llewellyn Waltz," dedicated to Mr. Backwell, B. M. 3rd R. W. M. ...	3 0
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"THE VOICE IN THE SHELL."

Ballad written by JAMES BRITTON. Composed by JAMES LEA SUMMERS. "This plaintive ballad is a very interesting one, and shows it to be the work of a good musician. We have no doubt it will be on every one's piano in a short time, for it is now being sung by Mlle. Parepa, the Queen of Song, whose exquisite rendering of it, the other evening, at St. James's Hall, caused a perfect furor, and a demand."—*Stratford-on-Avon Herald*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

MISS JULIA ELTON'S NEW SONG,

"SOFTLY SLEEP, MY PRETTY DARLING."

Arranged from an Indian Melody, (the Ayah's Song, or Indian Lullaby), sung with great success, and invariably encored, is published (for Mezzo-Soprano or Contralto), Price 3s.,

By DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 52.)

Concerning Weber's change of residence from one city to another, after he had left Fresberg with his father; concerning the many events, frequently more saddening than cheerful, of his life—events which have hitherto been for the most part totally unknown; concerning his gradual progress as an artist, &c., we must refer our readers to the book itself, which contains the most truthful and unvarnished account of all these particulars, and is, perhaps, for some persons, here and there, too minute, though it is everywhere deserving of praise for the strictest conscientiousness, and, even in the slightest details, possesses importance for every thoughtful individual who feels an interest in the education of man by actual life. Weber was now in one place and now in another; in Salzburg, in Eutin, in Augsburg, in Vienna, in Breslau (where he was nearly killed from having swallowed a hearty draught of nitric acid, from a bottle which he mistook in the dark for one containing wine), in Carlsruhe (Silesia), at the Court of Prince Eugen Friedrich von Württemberg; in Stuttgart, as private secretary and managing man to the extravagant and debt-oppressed Duke Ludwig, where he was mixed up in the whirlpool of the Court life at the time, and in the affairs of the country, which were in a wretched state as far as regards right, honesty and morality. He became also involved in foolish acts, the sudden acknowledgment of which, however, produced a beneficial change in his character and mode of life. But happier days dawned for him in Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt and the neighbourhood, except Frankfurt, where his old bad luck still pursued him, his very promising expectations of making a considerable sum by a concert being entirely annihilated, first by the ascent of the celebrated aeronaut, Madame Blanchard, and then by Napoleon's decree ordering a blockade of the continent and the burning of all English merchandise there.

We now accompany the young artist, whose appointment in Mannheim came to nothing, on his two more than usually long professional tours in the year 1811. On his first tour, he visited the South German towns of Aschaffenburg, Würzburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Augsburg and Munich, where he stayed a considerable time; at the commencement of the second, he had to suffer from the after-pains of the Stuttgart squabbles and the arbitrariness of the Royal Government, for he was again arrested and conveyed across the frontier. He then visited Switzerland, gave concerts in Schaffhausen, Winterthur, Zurich, Basle, and Berne, and freshened himself up by a trip into the mountains. His public performances were swayed by a strange fate, which only too frequently ruined all his hopes. When we recollect that the sum of 130 florins taken at a concert (as, for instance, at Basle) was considered something very extraordinary, we can scarcely comprehend how Weber could defray the expenses of his journeys. His three months' excursion in Switzerland contributed materially, however, to extend his reputation, and brought him into contact with a large number of distinguished men, original and liberal in their opinions. "The most important result of his journey," says his biographer, "was the enrichment of his inward world by the contemplation of the grandeur of nature, and, which is of equal weight, the shock given to the nation, which he had hitherto formerly entertained and often expressed, that the atmosphere illuminated by princely love for art was alone calculated to develop the latter, especially music. The warm pulsations of true republican hearts at the tones of good music nearly cured him of the prejudice that high refinement of manners was necessary to string human nature with sufficient fineness fully to appreciate music."

On his next journey he was accompanied by Bärmann, the admirable clarinetist, of Munich. They went by way of Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, and Weimar, to Berlin, where Weber remained from the 20th February to the 31st August, 1812. The thirteenth section comprises Weber's professional life as operatic conductor at Prague, from April 1, 1813, to September 30, 1816. To this period belongs his magnificent music to Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*. Some portions of the period were, however, passed by him at Berlin, where he was greatly honored, and at Munich. The last chapter of the book treats of his betrothal to Caroline Brundt, and his appointment as conductor of the king's private band in Dresden, on the 21st December, 1816. He received the official notification of the fact on Christmas day. He had kept the whole matter a secret from his future bride, and announced this piece of good

fortune for both of them in a humorous manner, by writing the young lady a most unimportant letter, and putting at the bottom, "My address is: To Herr Carl Maria von Weber, Royal Saxony Capellmeister, Dresden."

From the above lengthened notice of the Biography, and the extracts we have given, the reader will clearly perceive that we recommend it as a valuable addition to the literature of music. We anxiously await the next volume, and have merely to add that we trust the book, which is otherwise admirably got up, will be more carefully corrected. The fact of the biography containing interesting information connected with many musical celebrities, with whom Weber was closely connected, heightens the charm of its perusal. We will, in conclusion, quote an instance of this kind. We will select what is said, in various passages, concerning the Abbé Vogler, so highly celebrated at the commencement of the present century.

"The mind of Vogler and that of Franz Anton (Carl Maria's father) were twins possessing remarkable similarity, only somewhat weakened by external circumstances affecting their development, and this similarity had even impressed a character of affinity on their features. In the joyous brilliancy of Carl Theodore's Court, and among the cavaliers of the Kurtrier Guard, Vogler would, probably, have been the jovial, reckless Franz Anton, while the latter, at the pedal-harpsichord of Master Wenzel Stantinger, and amongst the monks and prelates of the Würzburg chapter, who listened to the boy as he played the organ, would, probably, have been a very celebrated, and vain musician. Both were glowing with the love of art, for which they possessed eminent talent; both were fond of all kinds of splendour; both allowed, when it suited their purpose, pinchbeck to be passed off for gold, and both, therefore, even in art, valued form above matter, and effectiveness above depth; both took an equally lively delight in material ease; and both were led, with equal force, by vanity along roads which turned them from the employment of their talent in the interest of the highest aim of art. But Vogler enjoyed an advantage over Franz Anton: on his entrance into life he had immediately fallen among that middle class society in whose opinion a person of his disposition was of no account. In constant communication with the strictly disciplined priesthood, immovably conscious of their object, he gained, even from his youth, that feeling for order, discipline, and a decided bias of the will, which had made him a celebrated man, while the want of it condemned Franz Anton to remain a poor musician strolling about with his phenomenon of a boy. Deeply versed in everything to be gained in the world of tone by a strong memory, and a thoroughly critical judgment; conscious of the objects for which he had to strive; talented enough even to give animation to his views of works of art; skilled, as a pupil of the Jesuits, on every occasion to exhibit to the public that facet of his many-sided mind, from whose brilliancy he anticipated the greatest effect; weighty in his utterances; imposing and, at the same time, affable in his behaviour; purposely eccentric in his habits, in order to be able, without exciting astonishment, to adopt any form of life, yet, on the other hand, without any philosophical consistency of thought, and hence in his expressions, full of obscurity which he endeavoured to pass off as mystical profundity; conscious of the unsatisfactory scientific foundation of his systems and arrangements, which he attempted to mask by apodictics and assurance of enunciation; rising up and disappearing as a somewhat charlatanlike apostle of his musical gospel in all parts of the civilised world; everywhere patronised and supported by the priesthood; and everywhere opposed by the sturdy practice of art, Vogler was just the man to cause a large number of his brother artists and of the public to take an interest in him, but, at the same time, to divide them into two diametrically opposite parties, one of which swore by, while the other branded him as a heretic and opposed what he did. But he was, however, also, just the man, in virtue of the above mentioned positive and negative qualities, and of his spiritual discipline, to influence most profoundly young minds, and to appear in the eyes of beginners, as a prophet whose steps they had closely to follow, were he even to lead them to martyrdom. The form of his indisputable talent for teaching favored this influence amazingly, because he always understood how to appear before his disciples as a high-priest full of mildness and urbanity, but who, notwithstanding, dared to impart to them only a small portion of the irrefutable truths suggested to him by his God. His tone, his walk, his small tansure, the holy water he himself brought from Rome for the Elector Carl Theodore, his order of the Golden Spur, and the sound of his voice, irresistible for Mad. von Coudenhove, together with his great talents, caused Vogler, in the year 1777, to be appointed Court Chaplain and Conductor of the Private Band to Carl Theodore, at Mannheim. His disposition had, however, too much of the artist and not enough

of the Jesuit in it, for him to be able to look on coolly at Father Frank's infamous rule in Munich. He had such a violent misunderstanding with the Father, that he quitted Munich suddenly, in 1781, and set off upon a long course of travel, which took him to France, England, Italy, nay, even to Greece and North America, and during which he exerted himself strenuously to propagate his musical system. By this as well as by his masterly performances on the organ, he gained throughout Europe a great reputation as a learned musician, a teacher, and an organist. From these travels he brought back with him the principal elements of the old Greek music, which he asserted he had discovered in the traditions of southern climes.

"It is from this epoch that we must date Vogler's ardent passion for collecting national melodies, a passion to which he went on devoting more and more time and trouble. It was of great importance for everything connected with the romantic tendency in music, that on two of his pupils, Weber and Meyerbeer, who were destined subsequently to be the chief representatives of this tendency, he so succeeded in impressing his own high opinion of the worth and significance of popular and national melodies, that their works everywhere afford evidence thereof."

Vogler's reputation as a teacher of music induced Gustavus III, of Sweden, to invite him, in 1786, to Stockholm, and to confide to him, after giving him a brilliant appointment as *Chef de la Musique du Roi*, the charge of instructing the Crown Prince. In the far north, for thirteen years, did Vogler work, by word and deed, with indisputable advantage for art and artists. He did not go back to Germany till 1799, when, with the request that the modest living of Pleichach might be conferred on him, he turned towards Würzburg, where he desired to live entirely for music. On the same day that the refusal of his demand was sent from that town, he received an invitation to proceed as teacher of music to Prague. Vogler accepted the invitation, and, on the 9th of November, 1801, delivered his inaugural discourse, having a year previously produced with success, at Berlin, his opera, *Hermann von Unna*, and, in the spring, given concerts in Berlin, Brunswick, and Leipzig.

(To be continued.)

H. C. ALLISON.—This promising young pianist, of whose playing at the concerts of his former master, Mr. W. H. Holmes, and his own, we have on several occasions spoken in terms of praise, has been, we are informed, for the last eighteen months pursuing his musical education at the Conservatorium of Leipzig, where his talents, added to his earnest zeal and unremitting application, have won for him the esteem and unqualified approbation of the directorium generally, and more especially of his immediate instructors, *i.e.*, for the pianoforte—Professors Plaidy and Moscheles; for harmony and composition—Dr. Papertwitz; and for the organ—Dr. Richter. On the latter instrument, which he commenced only at Easter last, the young student's progress has been so rapid as to lead to his being appointed to the post of organist to the English church in Leipzig; while, on his principal instrument, the pianoforte, it has been no less satisfactory, as he has on several occasions distinguished himself by his performance of pianoforte solos at the *Abendunterhaltungen* of the Conservatorium. On the occasion of the grand concert given on the 12th ult., in celebration of the birthday of the King of Saxony (the patron of the institution), young Allison had the honour conferred upon him of being selected from the whole body of students to perform Mendelssohn's *Praeludium und Fugue* in E minor, his execution of which, from memory, was rewarded not only by the hearty applause of the audience—themselves no mean critics, being composed of the *élite* of Leipzig amateurs—but subsequently by the congratulations and warmly-expressed approbation of artists and professors. Altogether, this young student seems to be in a fair way of realising at no distant date the hopes of future eminence which his precocious ability has led his friends to form, and which has been more than once prognosticated for him in these columns.

BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The eighth general meeting of governors was held in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening; J. N. Harrison, Esq., president, in the chair. An able report of the past year's proceedings, embodying a sketch of the rise, progress, and utility of the institution, was read by Mr. J. F. Pattick, honorary secretary. From statistics submitted it appeared that nearly £700 had already been applied to charitable objects, and an invested fund had been accumulated to the extent of £2,300 Consols. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Bowley, Stewart, Hill, Sims, Black, Doggett, Nunn, Shaw, and other friends of the Society, by whom the claims of the charity were strongly urged upon the notice of the frequenters of Exeter Hall and the members of the musical profession.

Mrs. JOSEPH ROBINSON of Dublin is now in Paris, and has announced a concert for the 2nd February at Erard's Rooms, where she will be assisted by M. M. Jules Lefort and Armingaud.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Receipts.		Balance Sheet for the Year 1863.		Expenditure.	
1863, Jan. 1, to Dec. 31.		£. s. d.		1863, Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.	
To Balance in hand . . .	141	19	8	By Payments . . .	£. s. d.
" Subscriptions for 1863, as under:—				" Printing, Stationery, &c. . .	87 9 6
142 Fellows, 530 Associates, 566 Lady Associates, 53 Nominated Annual Subscribers & 5 Subscribers to Series of Concerts . . .	1360	16	0	" Miscellaneous Expenses . .	35 18 11
" Sale of Concert Tickets . .	62	9	0	" Messrs. W. Hodson, Medhurst, and F. A. Mori, jun., for assistance to the Honorary Secretary . .	37 6 4
" 510 Reserved Seats . . .	267	15	0	" Advertising . . .	55 14 0
" 3 Duplicates . . .	0	15	0	" Ditto, for 1864 . . .	9 0 6
" Donation to Library Fund, Captain Otley . .	1	0	0	" Postage . . .	64 14 6
				" Rent of Offices . . .	50 0 0
				" Cramer & Co. . .	20 0 0
				" Four Orchestral Concerts . .	943 12 3
				" One Conversation . . .	128 11 9
				" Choral Practice . . .	52 11 6
				" Library Expenses . . .	61 19 2
				" Two Orchestral Trials of New Compositions . .	203 8 0
				" Furniture, &c. . .	67 4 1
				" Insurance . . .	1 6 3
					1789 17 5
				" Balance in hand of Treasurer for 1864 . .	44 17 3
					£1834 14 8

We have examined the books of the Society and the vouchers, and we certify that this balance sheet agrees therewith, and that the same is correct. Dated this 19th day of January, 1864.

JOHN T. BENFORD, } Auditors.
JOHN R. DUGGAN. }

Signed by Order of the Council in pursuance of General Law 38, January, 1864.
EDWARD JAMES, Chairman.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

SCHOTT & Co.—Six Songs, dedicated to Her Royal Highness Sephila, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, by Salvatore C. Marchesi.

TRURO.—The Spring session was opened on Friday evening, when our President, Mr. P. P. Smith, made some observations justifying the introduction of musical entertainments as portions of the *syllabus* of a Truro institution. He then introduced Mrs. John Macfarren, who proceeded to read, with distinct and refined elocution, a lecture in which sketches were given of the lives, and judicious criticisms passed on the works, of Handel, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. Mrs. Macfarren gave illustrative selections from the works of the composers referred to, and the finished style in which she performed them, justified her reputation as one of the first pianists of the day. Some vocal illustrations were also given, in a very pleasing manner, by Miss Marian Walsh, who was also greatly applauded, especially in "Ah! why do we love?" (from G. A. Macfarren's opera of *Don Quixote*). Both ladies were so kind as to respond to encores, and at the conclusion the President gave expression, on the part of the crowded audience, to the great pleasure all had derived from the entertainment.

CHRISTCHURCH.—A pleasing entertainment was given on Tuesday evening, at the Town Hall, by Mr. Frederic Penna, under the name of "Without a Title," and consisting of a species of lecture or sketches in the conversational style, suggested and illustrated by popular English songs. The remarks were read and the songs sung by Mr. Penna, Madame Penna accompanying him on the piano. Mr. Penna has a baritone of compass, clearness, and volume. He manages his voice well, which cannot be said of every singer of pretensions. No better songs in their way can be found than the popular old English ones; sung with such taste and feeling as by Mr. Penna, they stir the heart. He not merely performs the music, but he interprets it. "The Return of the Admiral" and "The Old English Gentleman" were given with such feeling, expression, and pathos, as to elicit much applause, and a unanimous call for a repetition. Madame Penna's accompaniments and interludes of the latter showed her a pianist of no mean skill. We were sorry the attendance was not more numerous, but this was attributable, in a great measure, to the state of the weather.

MR. J. E. CARPENTER gave his musical entertainment, "Highdays and holidays," at the London Mechanics' Institution on Wednesday. The singers were the sisters Mascall, whose singing, in the duet "The merry New Year's bells," pleased very much. Miss Mascall was encored in a new ballad, "A mother's love." We have not space to enter into details of Mr. Carpenter's entertainment, which we must acknowledge, however, to be very interesting. A new song by Mr. Hatton, "Oh the plum pudding of England," sung by Mr. Carpenter as a *finale*, was deservedly encored. Miss M. Mascall was the accompanist at the pianoforte.

SIGNOR PIATTI has returned to Paris from Orleans, where he was engaged to play at the Philharmonic Society. Signor Piatti was announced to play for the second time at the Popular Concerts of the Cirque on Sunday last.

MUTTONIANA.

[Mr. Owain Ap' Mutton invites contributions to this department of the *Musical World*, henceforth placed under his sole direction, and which he has with becoming modesty christened *Muttoniana*. No subject connected with the Art and its Professors is excluded,—and all queries inserted one week will be answered not later than the week following, either by Mr. Ap' Mutton, or, when his knowledge fails, by some more competent authority.]

Ms. Ap' Mutton.—Sir,—Any fool can ask a question which it may give a wise man trouble to answer. This seems to me your only excuse for encouraging correspondents (who are, for the most part, fools, if they are unpaid) to send you queries, to which your promise replies, instead of giving them. But if your reputation for wisdom stands upon no better basis than your talent for silence, I fear that you are no better than my relation, the Welshman's Owl, who "said nothing, but was a beggar at thinking." Consider this proposition, with ramifications (not rammekin) and divarications (and prevarications) and then proceed to the action. *Punch* says, very prettily, this week,

"A NEW GAME.—The pleasantest game of forfeits is that at present played at the Adelphi theatre, where Miss Bateman 'cries' to you, and you forfeit all claim to intelligence if you don't 'guess' that she is the finest artist that ever came from America."

Now, having given your entire approval to the sentiment of this charming epigram, examine and analyse it, and show that though it is apparently only one of those graceful trifles which float, (like air-bells in champagne) in the inkstand of Mr. Percival Leigh, Mr. Shirley Brooks, or Mr. Henry Silver, not to say of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Dishley Peters, or any other of the 29 writers in *Punch*, do you exercise your intellect in showing, scholastically, and exegetically (also energetically, if you will) that there is a profound truth lying (does truth lie?) in the words. Show that Miss Bateman has evidently stirred the depths of the writer's self-consciousness. Show the extreme happiness of the use of the word "guess," both as a word used in the English game of forfeits, and in American colloquial intercourse. Show how elegant is the ambidextrous employment of the word "cries," in reference to Miss Bateman's tears, and to the technicality of the game. Show that though the epigram was probably written in a minute and a quarter, there must have been a pre-adamite force, answered, as Faraday would say, for billions of centuries, which was brought to bear upon the subject, at that very moment in the history of the universe when alone it could have been wanted. For, had the epigram been written before Miss Bateman came to the Adelphi and played, it would have been premature. Had it been delayed until after the thousandth night of *Leah*, and the production of the comedy in which she will be equally successful, it would have been inapplicable. Enlarge upon all these hints, with some little grace of diction and profundity of thought, and show that you are not a Welshman's Owl. Whatever you are, I am, Mutton, yours,

ZAMIELA OWL.

January 25th, 1864, from Double Gloucester Crescent, Paddington.

[Anon! anon! good Zamieles; anon! anon!—O. Ap' M.]

Sir,—On the contrary, milk has been so often analyzed that it would seem no further facts could be elicited regarding this important liquid. Professor Boedecker, however, has just completed a series of experiments conducted on quite a new principle. The question he proposed to himself was whether milk obtained at any hour of the day always presented the same chymical composition or not; and he has arrived at the result that the milk of the evening is richer, by 3 per cent., than that of the morning, the latter containing only 10 per cent. of solid matter, and the former 13 per cent. On the other hand, the water contained in milk diminishes by 3 per cent. in the course of the day; in the morning it contains 89 per cent. of water, and only 86 per cent. in the evening. The fatty particles increase gradually as the day wears on. In the morning they amount to 2.17 per cent.; at noon, to 2.63, and in the evening to 3.42 per cent. This circumstance, if true, would be very important in a practical point of view. Let us suppose a kilogramme of milk to yield only a sixth part of its weight of butter; then the milk of the evening may yield double that quantity. The caseous particles are also more abundant in the evening than in the morning—from 2.24 they increase to 2.70 per cent., but the quantity of albumen diminishes from 0.44 to 0.31. The serum is less abundant at midnight than at noon, being 4.19 per cent. in the former case and 4.72 in the last.

I am, Sir,

ABEL GROGG.

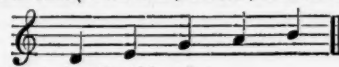
To O. Ap' Mutton, Esq.

THE CHINESE AND SCOTTISH SCALES.—Sir,—“Music,” says Bacon, “feedeth that disposition which it findeth.” Dr. Lind (who resided some considerable time in China) said, that in all the specimens he had seen and heard of Chinese music, the melodies of that nation had a strong analogy to the old Scottish tunes; and that “the Chinese scale is very Scottish.” The Chinese gamut consists of five natural notes, which are distinguished by five characters of their language; but they use no

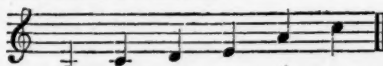
stave. They, however, write down in succession the notes in a column, as they are played, though it does not appear that they pay any attention in marking the time, the key, or the mode of expression, &c., but acquire their airs by dint of labour and imitation.* The following national song of *Moo-lee-who* is a specimen of Chinese music:—



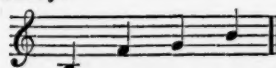
This air was played by Lord Amherst's band, and delighted the Chinese more than any other. From the above melody I have taken the liberty to deduce the following scale, for the purpose of comparing it with the ancient Scottish scale (which latter, however, consisted of six notes):—



Subjoined is the ancient Scottish scale:—



The lower A was added to admit of the minor key in wind instruments. It does not appear that any improvement has taken place in the Chinese scale, therefore we will leave them to the enjoyment of their own monotonous music, and proceed to trace the improvements made in the Scottish scale. The following notes were added about the beginning of the fifteenth century:—



and when music arrived to its present state of perfection, the notes of the chromatic scale were further added. Although many of the Scotch airs have had the notes last mentioned introduced into them, to please modern taste, they can be played without them, and without altering the character of the melody. Should any of your readers feel so far interested in Chinese music as to wish for further information concerning it, I refer them to the very excellent article upon China in the third volume of the supplement to the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." EUPHONION.

To Owain Ap' Mutton, Esq.

Sir,—A local paper (Uxbridge), commenting on an amateur theatrical performance at the Town Hall, thus writes of the music introduced in the course of the evening:—

"A comic song was commendably rendered by Mr. H. Smart, entitled 'Courting in the kitchen,' and descriptive of certain unpleasant results of affection cemented in the culinary department. This was succeeded by a fantasia on the violin by Mr. J. E. Gunn, an instrumental performer of prominent, experienced, and masterly execution. The composition proved a nice discrimination on the part of the violinist, and the ease and dexterity with which he extracted the dulcet and refined strains of harmony held the assembly 'in listening silence rapt,' until the concluding rapid and stirring strokes called forth rapturous applause, which continued until the performer came forward to acknowledge the flattering indications of admiration. The piece rendered included the favorite airs 'I wish I had some one to love me,' and 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' The 'Charming widow' was then given by Mr. A. Butler, and although somewhat too stenterophonic was signalized by a happy drollery, and met with an enthusiastic reception."

[Good. Some more of the "Ironbridge" school.—O. Ap' M.]

MOLIERE.—The 242d anniversary of Molière's birthday was celebrated at the Theatre Français and the Odéon by the performance at the former theatre of the *Misanthrope* and the *Malade Imaginaire*, and at the latter of the comedy just named and the *Tartuffe*.

ITALIAN OPERA IN EGYPT.—The Italian journals inform us that the Count Stefano Zizinia is about to erect a large and beautiful theatre at Alexandria, in Egypt. It is expected that the Viceroy will grant an annual subvention.

* The Chinese gamut for instrumental music is so imperfect, and the keys so inconsistent (wandering from flats to sharps, and vice versa), that they are under the necessity of being steadied and directed by a bell or cymbal.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

An English adaptation of *Faust* alone was wanted to complete the triumph of an opera which must in fairness be pronounced the most popular, as in its particular style it is unquestionably the best, since Meyerbeer gave his *Huguenots* to the world. This was produced, on Saturday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with brilliant and well-merited success. *Faust* has now gone the round of what may be termed musical Europe. The four most art-loving nations on the most civilized section of "the planet"—the French, the German, the Italian, and the English—can each now boast a version of its own, and each listen to M. Gounod's fascinating music married to words which, as they can be immediately understood, are calculated to render the ideas of the composer, and his peculiar use of the medium through which they are conveyed, more readily intelligible, and therefore the easier appreciated. The English translation of the libretto of MM. Barbier and Carré was originally, we believe, intended for the Royal English Opera. For reasons unknown, however, the work has never been brought out at our "national" lyric theatre; and but for the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Mapleson—also the first to present it to a London audience in Italian—it might still have remained until now in Mr. H. F. Chorley's portfolio. Doubtless Mr. Mapleson was encouraged by the extraordinary success of *Faust* with Italian singers, in the regular season, to make a fresh venture; but this merely proves that he knows how to follow up good fortune, and, in familiar phrase, to "make hay while the sun shines." Mr. Chorley's adaptation, though he has in few instances literally translated the words, is a tolerably effective imitation of the original. In occasional passages, as, for example, the opening soliloquy of *Faust*—which the philosopher, persuaded of the utter futility of life-long studies to help him to the goal of his desires, the *ultima Thule* of the heart's travels in its search after happiness, begins and ends with the emphatically suggestive ejaculation "foiled!"—it almost rises to poetry. Perhaps, on the whole, the libretto of *Faust* sounds better in English than in Italian, as it assuredly sounds better in German than in French. At all events, the audience of Saturday night was probably the first in this capital able thoroughly to comprehend every point of interest, and thus to estimate the consummate art—we had almost said genius—of M. Gounod at its proper worth. We own that the opera never before appeared to us so beautiful, so symmetrical, so consistent in all its parts, and, as an infallible consequence, so essentially and legitimately dramatic. Doubtless there are a vast number among us, honest and candid people in their way, who would prefer obtaining a faint glimpse of the meaning of a poetical composition, through the aid of a foreign language, to entirely apprehending its scope and intentions through the simple intervention of the "mother tongue." And this, perhaps, in works purely exotic, both in conception and execution, may be reasonably defended. But Goethe's *Faust* has much more in common with English feeling than with French or Italian; and, pale a reflex as the paraphrase by MM. Barbier and Carré of certain portions of that immortal masterpiece can pretend to be, it has still enough of the Goethian element to establish the truth of a generally undisputed axiom—viz., that the feeblest copy cannot wholly destroy the effect of a great picture. Something *must* be left to reveal the source whence the counterfeit was obtained; and thus much at least can be adduced on behalf of the French librettists whom Mr. Chorley, on his part, but without the ordinary deterioration, sedulously imitates. This indefatigable gentleman has provided us with an English *Faust* of more than average color, and has performed his task so conscientiously that—except Margaret's scene of despondency, at the commencement of Act IV., and the "Walpurgis night," at the commencement of Act V. (both of which we hope to see at some future time restored)—we have all M. Gounod's music, just as he composed it and just as it should invariably be performed. More than this, there are two additions—viz., a new air for Valentine—

"Even bravest hearts may swell
In the moment of farewell"

—built chiefly upon the theme of the last movement of the orchestral introduction to the opera, and a new romance—"When all was young"—written originally for Madame Nantier (Didié) for Siebel. These could, we think, be spared, but that Mr. Santley sings the first in so absolutely faultless a manner, and Madame Lancia the last so neatly and expressively, that, once heard, their omission might provoke unfavorable remark.

The English performance of *Faust* is in few respects inferior and in some superior to the Italian, at the Haymarket or at Covent Garden. Although Sig. Giuglini and Tamberlik are Italians, the English representative of the hero is a far more practised musician than either; and as M. Gounod would naturally prefer having his music, solo or concerted, sung as he wrote it, without shirking or subterfuge, it is probable that on hearing the most recent version of his opera, whether he understands our language or not, he would give the palm to the

English *Faust*, as the one who most perseveringly adheres to the text. Apart from this, however, Mr. Sims Reeves, who had already played *Faust* in Italian with eminent success, reveals a conception of the part in the highest degree poetical. The first act, which in the Italian adaptations has hitherto passed for nothing, gives him opportunities for vocal declamation of which he takes such excellent advantage that what was considered the weakest and driest portion of the opera now stands out as conspicuously as all the rest. There is no surer test of real artistic worth than the ability to give to every passage its intrinsic value. Even in the French *Faust*, the scene just before Mephistopheles appears to the bewildered and despairing investigator is one of the highest significance; and that M. Gounod saw this is evident, inasmuch as in no part of his opera does his music exhibit more intellectual power. It is to the credit of Mr. Reeves that to him the physically prostrate and mentally abused philosopher appears in a light no less interesting than the *Faust* newly restored to youth, and once more, seemingly with a whole life in prospect. Nothing can surpass his delivery of the accompanied recitative in which *Faust* gives eloquent language to his weariness and despair. In the garden scene, though not the solitarily prominent figure he appears in the opening of the first act, *Faust* at least divides the sympathies of the audience with Margaret; and as in this occurs the apostrophe to the abode of the innocent and lovely girl ("Salve dimora"), it offers, of course, the chief occasion for exhibiting the singer's art. A more expressive and perfect reading of this truly exquisite soliloquy has not been heard. The duet with Margaret, in which occurs the familiar passage, "He loves me, loves me not," is worthy to match with this, the crowning point of the third and most poetical act of the opera. The Margaret—or rather "Margarita," as Mr. Chorley invariably styles her—of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington stands midway between the well-known impersonations of Madame Miolan-Carvalho and Mademoiselle Tietjens, being neither so coldly statue-like as the first, nor so warm and impassioned as the last; but in this very beautiful duet she unhappily rather follows the French than the German model, scarcely daring to look at her lover, even when she has unequivocally confessed her love. Elsewhere—premising that she sings many parts of the music too slowly, especially the reply to *Faust*, in the scene of the Kermesse (which, after all, is merely an admonition to the adventurous cavalier to mind his own business), and the ballad of the "King of Thule"—her execution of the music is as correct and artistic as it is charming. In the brilliant air where Margaret, finding the jewels of *Faust*, straightway neglects the modest flowers of her devoted Siebel, the shake which introduces the theme of the quick movement is for the first time as intended. Madame Carvalho could never execute it in tune, while the imposing voice of Mademoiselle Tietjens could never accommodate itself to its light and glib delivery; but Madame Sherrington does it to perfection—as may be said, indeed, of the air itself, from beginning to end. In the grand—really grand—scene at the doors of the church, and the prison scene of the last act, the singing of this accomplished lady offers no point for criticism; but in the first both she and Signor Marchesi—the very zealous if not very legitimate impersonator of Mephistopheles, whom he represents as a sort of pantomimic buffoon—outrage all dramatic versimilitude. Instead of the contrite and prostrate Margaret we have the heroine in a *ballet* of action, walking to and fro, to avoid the encroachments of a persecuting gnome. Fancy, moreover, the staid, ironical, and sardonic Mephistopheles—the devil himself, incarnate in a wag—executing the melodramatic postures and evolutions of an ordinary Zani, or Demon of the Woods! The Mephistopheles of Signor Marchesi (of his singing we say nothing) is, from a dramatic point of view, a mistake. In the scene of the Kermesse, where *Faust* first sees Margaret, Signor Marchesi becomes a sort of Leporello in scarlet; and elsewhere—not to go into uninteresting details—he is equally un-Mephistophelian. Madame Florence Lancia is an engaging Siebel, singing the air in which the flowers wither as they are gathered for Margaret's bouquet with agreeable unobtrusiveness, and the new romance (already alluded to), not only in the original key (the part was written for a *soprano*), but as neatly and prettily as could be wished. This promising young lady is making undoubted progress, and fully merits the encouragement the public seems inclined to accord her. Of Mr. Santley's English Valentine we can only say what we have said more than once about his performance of the character in Italian—viz., that a comparatively small part was never made so much of in our remembrance. The death scene (just after the trio with *Faust* and Mephistopheles) is as finely acted as it is finely sung; while the new air, or *cavatina*, to which allusion has been made, has been given in such a manner that, notwithstanding its being an interpolation, we should be loth, while Mr. Santley is the Valentine, to dispense with it. The minor parts of Wagner and Martha were admirably sustained by Mr. Dussek (a descendant of the gifted composer of *Plus Ultra*, and intimate friend of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia?) and Madame Tacconi. The former will be remembered for his excellent impersonation of Corregan in Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Kill-*

arney; the lady as the first (and best) representative of Martha when *Faust* was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The chorus is excellent; the band—under the vigilant superintendence of Signor Arditì, who has made himself a name among conductors—as perfect throughout as anything we have heard in operatic performance. The scenery and the stage appointments generally—precisely the same to which the public have been accustomed at the Italian performances of *Faust* in Her Majesty's Theatre—are hardly worth a new description.

The performance afforded intense gratification to a brilliant and crowded audience, the large majority of whom remained until the conclusion, although the opera did not finish until midnight. To the usual encores for the chorus of "Old Men" (in the Kermesse) and the chorus of soldiers (Act IV), was added another, for the new air given to Valentine. The principal performers were respectively called forward almost after every act.

Faust was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be played for the fourth time to-night. No other opera is to be given during the present series of performances.

LEEDS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—On Saturday evening, Jan. 23rd, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Eljah* was given in the Victoria Hall, by the members of the Leeds Choral Union, a body recently formed by the amalgamation of the two previously existing Choral Societies, which had hitherto been antagonistic. It is very satisfactory to know that all matters in difference between them have now been happily adjusted, and that there is every prospect that the united body will continue to act in harmony, to the manifest advantage of the progress of good music in the town. The selection of *Eljah* as the medium of its first introduction to the public shows that the Association is animated by the right spirit, and under the circumstances, we should not wish to apply a very high standard of criticism to the performance, which, however, was on the whole very good. We should suggest to the managers, on another occasion to strengthen the band (otherwise excellent) in the stringed parts, which were decidedly weak, and it seemed to us that the soprano section of the chorus was rather over-weighted by the other parts. The orchestral character of the Town Hall organ was displayed to great advantage in combination with the band; never obtrusive, it lent a dignity and solidity to the performance, such as no other public organ with which we are acquainted could have attained, without taking undue prominence. The soloists were Miss Helena Walker, Miss Carrodus, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Brandon; the part of the Youth being (as it always should be) supported by a boy, Master Jinkin of the Parish Church Choir. We have no sympathy with the feeling which will *encore* any part of an oratorio, or other work of continuous action, but if it *must* be done, the compliment was on this occasion well bestowed on the quartet "Cast thy burden," and the trio "Lift thine eyes" (second soprano, Miss Winder). Dr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Burton was the conductor. The Society proposes to give three other concerts during the season.

The Town Hall Organ Concerts were resumed on the 26th instant, after the Christmas vacation, by Dr. Spark. The programme was entirely new, and comprised some excellent music, among which we may particularize an *offertoire* in C minor, by E. Batiste, being one of a series of this composer's works, edited by Dr. Spark, and just published by Messrs. Ashdown and Parry. This is thoroughly good organ music, of the French school, well adapted to display the capabilities of a fine organ and a good player, and fortunate in having both these advantages for its production. From the way in which this specimen was received, the audience are apparently learning better to appreciate true organ music, and it is to be hoped that operatic "recollections" will not long be necessary in order to attract the public. The attendance was good, and promises well for the future success of these concerts, of which Leeds has cause to be proud.

HAREFIELD.—The annual concert of the Harmonic society took place recently in the school-room. The choir executed several pieces in a satisfactory manner, in particular the madrigal from Mr. Wallace's opera of *Lone's Triumph*, "Corin for Cleora dying." Mr. Brinley Richards' setting of "God bless the Prince of Wales" (solos by Mr. A. Honer) was also well given. Another capital performance was Edwards' madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed," sung by the Misses Sawyer and Collins, the Rev. Mr. Collins and Mr. Quickenden. Mr. Bradley played a solo on the Violoncello very cleverly, and a duet for flute and pianoforte by the Rev. R. C. Collins; and Mrs. Collins was very favourably received. Major Wieland, who has a very fine bass voice, sang Calcott's "Last man," and was encoresd, when he gave a ballad entitled "Some one to love me;" Major Wieland afterwards joined Miss C. Sawyer and Miss Collins in Bishops "Chough and the Crow," and sang "The Bay of Biscay." Mrs. Collins accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.—(Communicated.)

PRESTON.—(*From a correspondent.*)—The organ in Preston parish church was re-opened on the 24th, having been closed for two Sundays. Collections were made after each service towards defraying the expense incurred in completing the pedal part of the organ, and in making sundry improvements. This imposing and noble instrument now contains 44 stops, and three rows of keys, and is one of the finest church organs in the country. For the information of your readers I append a list of stops the organ now contains. Those marked * have been recently added:—

GREAT ORGAN.		ft.	SWELL ORGAN TO TENOR C.		ft.
1	Stopped Diapason (Bass)	16	1	Bourdon (wood)	16
2	ditto (Treble) through.	8	2	Stopped Diapason	16
3	Double	8	3	Open	8
4	Great Open	8	4	Kerantophan	8
5	Small Open	8	5	Principal	4
6	Gamba	8	6	Fifteenth	2
7	Principal	4	7	Echo-Cornet—3 ranks	8
8	Clear Flute (wood)	4	8	Cornopane	8
9	Twelfth	2½	9	Oboe	8
10	Fifteenth	2	*10	Clarin	4
11	Piccolo (wood)	2			
12	Sequialtera—4 ranks	8			
13	Mixture—5, 4, and 5 ranks	8			
14	Trumpet	8			
15	Clarin	4			
CHOIR ORGAN.			PEDAL ORGAN.		
1	Stopped Diapason (Bass)	8	*1	Sub-Bass	16
2	Clarebella (Treble)	8	2	Double Open Diapason	32
3	Dulciana	8	3	Bourdon	16
*4	Viol de Gamba	8	4	Principal	8
5	Principal	4	5	Fifteenth	4
6	Flute	4	6	Sequialtera—3 ranks	8
7	Flageolet	2	7	Posaune	16
8	Cremona (to fiddle G.)	8			
COPPLERS AND ACCESSORY MOVEMENTS.			SWELL TO GREAT		
			1	Swell to Great	8
			2	Choir to Great	8
			3	Great to Pedals	8
			4	Choir to Pedals	8

The improvements have been carried out by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, organ-builders, of Manchester, by whom the organ was entirely re-built some five years ago, when it was designed that the sub-bass and Posanne should be added to the pedal organ at a future opportunity, as funds at that time could not be raised for completing the instrument. Provision was also made for the swell to be carried through; at present it only extends to tenor C. This very important addition yet remains to be effected, and it is confidently expected that when the dark cloud of distress which at present hangs over this town is dissipated, the necessary funds will be obtained for carrying out the object. Mr. Greaves, the talented organist of the church, has been most indefatigable in his exertions to improve the organ, and to render it one of the finest in the district—worthy, in short, of the church in which it is placed. To him especially are the thanks of the congregation due for enabling them to possess so splendid an instrument.

BELEST.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—No doubt your readers will be somewhat surprised to learn that Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared again in our Theatre Royal, on Monday the 25th inst., as Richelieu; such, indeed, is the fact, and, however painful it must have been for him to do so, after what had occurred, it was perhaps the best *amende honorable* he could make instead of apologies. The theatre was crowded, and a more enthusiastic applause than that which greeted him on his entering had not been witnessed before on these boards. Last night (26th inst.) he appeared as Shylock; the theatre was again filled to overflowing and the most rapturous applause greeted him; every word was listened to in breathless silence, and every action watched with the utmost attention. He was well supported by Mr. Tindell (Antonio), Mr. Cooke (Bassanio), and Miss Reinhard (Portia), whose acting was in every respect praiseworthy. One of your contemporaries (*The Orchestra*) reported falsely that the audience was *dismissed*; such was not the case, for, although *Richelieu* was abruptly concluded, still the performance of the other pieces went on, and money was only returned to a few individuals. To-night (Wednesday) Mr. Brooke is to appear as Sir Giles Overreach, giving his services gratis for the benefit of the General Hospital, in which laudable object our lessee, Mr. H. Webb, has joined him by giving the services of the whole company, house, etc., etc., gratis; so that a rich harvest may be expected, as most of the reserved seats are already taken.

TORQUAY.—The entertainment under the title of "A Morning at the Pianoforte," by Mrs. John Macfarren, took place at Reynold's Pianoforte Saloons, on Saturday, and was attended by a fashionable and discriminating audience. Mrs. John Macfarren has successfully passed through the severe ordeal of London criticism, and is now ranked among our distinguished pianists. Her delivery of the lecture was characterized by an easy and graceful utterance; while the biographical and critical remarks, from the pen of that distinguished composer and *litterateur*, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, were listened to with interest, and assisted greatly the proper understanding of the compositions. Not the least agreeable part of the entertainment was the singing of Miss Walsh, who, endowed with a sweet voice, a remarkably clear and distinct articulation, was enabled to give the vocal illustrations with charming effect.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1864.

MOZART NIGHT.

*** Wednesday, the 27th of January, being the 108th anniversary of the birth of Mozart (who was born in 1756, and died, in his 35th year, December 6th, 1791), it is believed that a selection from the immortal master's works, at the Concert immediately following, will be acceptable to the many admirers of his music who patronise the Monday Popular Concerts. The Director begs, therefore, to announce that the whole of the programme, vocal and instrumental, at the 141st concert, on Monday next, will be devoted to compositions by Mozart.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for two Violins, Clarinet, Viola, and Violoncello
M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, LAZARUS, H. WEBB and PAQUE. Mozart.
SCENA, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*).—Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA,
with Clarinet Obligato, Mr. LAZARUS Mozart.
SERENADE, "Deh vieni alla finestra" (*Don Giovanni*).—Mr. SANTLEY Mozart.
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Mozart.

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA
GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS Mozart.
SONG, "The Violet"—Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA Mozart.
AIR, "Non più andrai" (*Nozze di Figaro*).—Mr. SANTLEY Mozart.
QUARTET, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello—
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, and
PAQUE. Mozart.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 60 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC
CONCERTS.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Concerts will commence early in next season. The Prospectus for 1864 will shortly be issued.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

IN concluding my last letter I think I mentioned that I had heard a tenor of unusual merit and capability, of whom it is my duty to speak in more than general terms, as he is without doubt a very superior—indeed, I think I may say, an extraordinary artist. It is at Bologna that this gentleman, Sig. Bignardi, has been singing, and was at the Teatro Comunale in that city. The Opera company—during the early part of the winter, as a rule—is composed of some

of the first singers in Italy; and as I was very anxious to hear Sig. Bignardi, whom I remembered having heard with pleasure some three or four years since, during two consecutive seasons at Genoa, and afterwards at La Scala, when I was much impressed by his fine voice and sterling qualities as an actor and as a singer, I resolved to pocket the inconveniences of the slow, toilsome, and cold journey over the Apennines to Florence, so as to pass through Bologna, see one of the most renowned theatres in Italy, and satisfy my curiosity as to Sig. Bignardi. A "genuine tenor" at the present day is indeed a *rara avis*; but without doubt Sig. Bignardi is such a tenor in the full acceptance of the term. One of those grand singers whose success does not depend upon the vehement emission of certain high notes, nor upon the execution of a single air in an entire opera, Sig. Bignardi is a real and thorough artist, evidently of the best school—who, in addition to a magnificent organ of great sweetness and power, is gifted with taste, feeling, and expression, to such a degree, that we look in vain for a parallel, save in the recollection of the matchless Rubini. That prince of vocalists was doubtless superior in the art of vocalisation, in which, indeed, he was altogether incomparable; but, on the other hand, I am told (for I never heard that eminent singer, "children in arms" not being admitted to his performances) by connoisseurs at Milan, who remember Rubini in his prime, that his fine voice never possessed the vigorous strength which Bignardi uses with such effect in energetic passages. In addition to these vocal qualifications, Sig. Bignardi possesses a handsome exterior, has a good stage presence, and, best of all, is a finished actor, much superior in this respect to any of the best tenors of the present day. Indeed, the first time I ever saw him, he struck me almost more as an actor than as a singer—his "Malediction" scene (in *Lucia*) being the finest piece of acting I ever witnessed. During the past season at Bologna the success which attended the production of *Poliuto*, *Rigoletto*, and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, rendered unnecessary any further attractions. The custom in this country of giving but three or four operas during a season of six weeks or two months doubtless appears to Englishmen "slow", and not very enterprising on the part of managers; but in reality it is a proof, were one wanting, of a superiority of musical taste over that of all other nations. In any other country, in a town of the size of Bologna, if an opera was repeated half a dozen times in a fortnight it is well-known that it would cease to "draw"; for in the provinces, especially in England, it is rather a curiosity that causes the masses to listen to an operatic performance than a natural taste for music; and when their curiosity has been satisfied, their power of appreciation is not sufficiently strong to make them care for hearing the same performance again; whereas Italians, on the contrary, come night after night to hear the same opera—whereby they soon learn the especial beauties of the work, and from that intimate knowledge which can alone be acquired by a succession of hearings, these beauties shine forth with greater brilliancy and present far greater charms for an essentially musical audience than is possible when they are first heard and less well understood. Of *Poliuto* I cannot speak. Sig. Sirchia, the tenor, after a few nights, fell ill, and did not recover sufficiently to reappear. The *prima donna*, Mlle. Vitale, of whom the papers and the *abonnés* of the theatre speak in terms of high praise, is, I hear, engaged by Mr. Mapleson for his coming campaign; your readers will, therefore, have an early opportunity of judging of her merits. Of Sig. Sirchia I can only repeat the words of a gentleman to whom I applied for information: "*Ha mezzi*

vocali immensi—ha un gioiello nella gola." *Rigoletto*, the second opera produced, brought out Mmes. Lotti Della Santa and Borchart, Sigs. Bignardi, Cima, and Derivis; and, being excellently performed, had a great success. I have often wondered how an opera with so fearful a subject as that on which the *libretto* is founded could have gained so much popularity; but now, as sensational subjects are in vogue, it is quite suitable to the taste of the day. The action being laid in a profligate court the incidents are but characteristic. Abduction; violation; an execution; suborning to murder; a midnight assassination; and, finally, the escape of the chief criminal, singing a joyous *refrain*, are, perhaps, rather strong incidents for an evening's amusement; but Verdi has treated the subject in so highly genial a manner, has exhibited such great practical knowledge of the stage, and has written such very lovely and expressive melodies, that the magic of the music wonderfully softens the effect, and the notable features of Victor Hugo's drama are witnessed with the most perfect equanimity. The great quartet and the popular song, "La donna è mobile", were decidedly the "hits" of the performance—the former being given with great effect. The mirthful vivacity of Madalena—contrasting with the agony thrilling through every tone of the wretched Gilda—threw a new life and interest into this *morceau*; while the pathos of *Rigoletto* and the fresh voice of the Duke, gave an *éclat* to the scene not to be surpassed; and the latter—which on some occasions was repeated no less than four times, bringing out some of the finest high notes it has ever been the lot of man to possess—was received with a literal hurricane of applause. Mdle. Lotti (Gilda) together with Bignardi, carried off the greater part of the applause. In the grand *scena* with her father, in the third act, Mdle. Lotti's qualities as an actress and a singer were displayed to advantage; but a regret was felt that she was not very ably supported by Sig. Cima, who, though exhibiting taste and feeling in his singing, has neither voice nor *physique* for a character of such importance as that of the Court Jester. *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the third opera given at Bologna, has never held so high a place in the favor of the public of London or Paris as to make it as attractive as other operas by Verdi. The *libretto* is certainly poor in the extreme; but, in my humble opinion, the music presents beauties of a high order. Verdi's natural talent is progressive *par excellence*. In every fresh opera he gives proof that he works indefatigably to arrive as near to perfection as possible; and in this opera he has shown a greater desire to illustrate, by appropriate music, the various "situations" in the *libretto*, than he has done in any previous work. Moreover, he has eminently succeeded in combining with great taste and judgment the declamatory style of Meyerbeer with the deliciously flowing melody of the Italian school. He has given several proofs of his veneration for the great German masters, and has made good use of his study of their works, at the same time retaining that true Italian *cachet* which always distinguishes his music. In fine, throughout this opera he has written with freedom and independence, while he has shown his respect for the acknowledged forms of musical art and his desire to design and construct after models of known excellence. Verdi, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, is the first Italian composer who has given individuality to the music of such a special character. How affectionate and fond a lover is Riccardo; how deeply interesting is the frail Amelia; how manly and loyal is Renato—how terrible in his anger, how fearful in his despair, how sad but tender when he calls to mind his *dolcezza perdute*; how vivacious and roguish a page is Oscar; and with what consummate art

are drawn the portraits of the two conspirators, who form so important and effective a background to the picture! What lovely and varied melody flows through the opera from beginning to end! how skilful and elaborate is the instrumentation, without even causing a feeling of heaviness!—indeed, in a word, what a *chef d'œuvre* has Verdi produced!—what a model for youthful and aspiring composers. Of the performance I can speak in terms of high praise. Mdme. Lotti's costumes are rather more rich than in good taste—for, when she leaves her home at midnight and proceeds to a wild desert in search of the "healing herb", it rather surprises one to see her in a ball dress of the latest Paris fashion; and, again, when she goes by stealth to the masked ball, to warn Riccardo of his danger, one would think that, her object being not to be observed, she would hardly wear a dress of the gayest description, or be covered with the most costly and sparkling jewellery. However, as a singer and an actress, in this part she appears to great advantage and evidently proves herself to be an *artiste* of considerable qualifications. Her delivery of the plaintive air "Morro ma prima di grazia," so well adapted to the situation, was absolute perfection, her touching pathos finding its way to every heart; while her acting, in the same scene where Renato bids her prepare for death, was intensely fine. Sig. Bignardi appears to greater advantage in *Un Ballo* than in *Rigoletto*. After witnessing his performances I am bound to acknowledge that the part of Ricardo becomes very much more effective in the hands of a *tenore robusto* than when entrusted even to singers of such rare excellence as Mario and Giuglini; for the part having been written for Frascini (whom, both in voice and style, Bignardi much resembles), the energetic passages, which are so well suited to his vigorous and declamatory delivery, lose much of their beauty and effect when they fall into the hands of tenors whose only defect is want of power. Certainly one of the great charms of Bignardi's voice is its sweetness; but, though it is with the greatest feeling and tenderness that he sings his first air, "La Rivedrò"—so lovely with its simple accompaniment and its bold harmonic changes, and so expressive of the feelings of a lover about to be united to the idol of his heart—I am uncertain as to whether I was not more struck by his execution of the passage "La rivedarti Amelia," when he is summoned to the ball by Oscar. This he declaims with an enthusiasm which seems to give vigour to his delivery and additional power to his noble voice. The effect he produces here is indescribable, and the tumultuous plaudits which nightly hail him after this scene are a clear proof of the high esteem in which he is held by an audience well capable of discerning real talent. Mdle. Daria (whom I am told is a Miss Smith) makes a lively page, and sings the sparkling song, "Saper vorreste," in a manner to ensure a nightly encore. Were this young lady's talent on a par with her vivacity she might hope to attain as high a place in public favor as her successor at "Her Majesty's"—Mdle. Volpini. Sig. Cima is entitled to praise for his artistic and careful singing as Renato; and in the concluding scene of the second act, where he is surprised by the conspirators, he gives evidence of greater dramatic power than I had supposed him to be possessed of. The voice of Sig. Derivis, who raises the small part of Samuel into one of prominence, is quite wonderful when one remembers that he was the original representative of many of the principal bass parts of Verdi's early operas, produced more than twenty years ago. Time, that great necromancer, which, according to Unsworth, the modern Demosthenes, has, in the last few years, in one

country changed a crown into a crushing machine, and in another, a Napoleon into a Sovereign, seems to have had no effect on the powerful organ of Derivis, for it certainly leaves but little trace of wear and tear, and is as good now as when I last heard it—on the occasion of Mdle. Cruvelli's return to the Grand Opéra at Paris, after her memorable *escapade*.

At Florence the event of the past season, indeed of the year 1863, has been the production of *Faust* at the Pergola, which was received in a manner so warm and enthusiastic as to be almost without parallel. During a season of twenty-four nights *Faust* was performed nineteen times; and this beautiful music, which gains so much on acquaintance, was always listened to with religious attention and ever-increasing pleasure by crowded audiences. The Florentines, as well as the Director of La Pergola, should be congratulated on the possession of such artists as Mdle. Boschetti, Stigelli and Atry, who, I am bound to acknowledge, are, to my mind, more satisfactory representatives of the principal parts than any I have witnessed either in England, France, or Germany. Although in certain operas Mdle. Titieni and Miolan are both without competitors, and although I am an immense admirer of Tamberlik and Giuglini, I cannot refrain from remarking that those whose acquaintance with M. Gounod's works has been limited to England, have not had an opportunity of judging the many striking beauties allotted to the principal *soprano* and *tenor*. I have the most profound respect for the opinion of M. Gounod, who I believe considers Mdme. Miolan's portrayal of the character "absolute perfection." That it is so, I do not wish to deny, but must confess there are many Margherites whom I vastly prefer. It would indeed be difficult even to imagine a more poetical Margherite than Mdle. Boschetti, who presents a delightfully natural picture of the young trusting, loving girl. Nature and art have both been liberal in their gifts to this young lady, and she has certainly every qualification to be the *beau idéal* of Goethe's unhappy maiden. How surprisingly lovely is she with her long fair hair and her remarkably innocent expression, when she first appears to Faust!—how modest and retired is she, as she passes through the gay crowd in the Kermesse, when first meeting with her fatal lover!—And again, after having examined the jewels with mingled feelings of surprise and fear, when she appears at the window and gives vent to the troubles of her lacerated heart, she is so perfectly natural, and her acting is so entirely free from any stereotyped form, that this scene appears a reality rather than "a scene in a play." But Mdle. Boschetti is most irresistibly attractive in the scene of Valentin's death. Here she really shines as a grand actress; and the shriek of horror that escapes her lips, and the look of despair that creeps over her features when she meets the gaze of her brother and hears his dying curse, are wonderfully true to nature, and fully entitle her to the enthusiastic applause with which she is nightly rewarded. Space does not allow me to say so much as I should wish of Mdle. Boschetti's superior vocal powers; I must therefore content myself by stating that, although her voice is not strong, it is of excellent quality; that she always sings in tune, has a wonderful shake—no clap-trap about it (as that wont go down in Italy, though it may elsewhere); and that the sweetness, grace and finish which are the chief characteristics of her singing in the air "Des Bijoux," proclaim her to be a really accomplished vocalist. Sig. Stigelli—who from his singing I should imagine to be a German—not only possesses a voice of great beauty and power, which enables him to give due effect to the many declamatory passages that fall to the part of Faust, but is also a singer

who has evidently given much time to the study of classical music. This qualifies him in an especial manner for the arduous and difficult part of Faust; and his singing throughout the opera is most artistic. His delivery of the lovely air, "Salve dimora casta," is distinguished by a beauty of voice, a purity of intonation, and a breadth of phrasing not to be surpassed. Mdme. Viale, whose *contralto* voice was so very much admired in Edinburgh some four years ago—where she was singing with an opera company called "The Fenice Opera Company from Venice"—makes a charming Siebel, and sings the elegant "Parlatele d'amor" so well as scarcely ever to escape an encore. Signor Pizzicati, who has a certain reputation in Tuscany, but whom I never admired, is Valentino. Although careful and painstaking, he does not raise himself in my estimation by this performance. Sig. Atry, of whom I have often spoken favourably in these pages, on the contrary, by his admirable impersonation of Mefistofele, adds another to the long list of triumphs he has already gained. This gentleman, who, for the last three years has been justly considered the best *basso-profondo* in Italy, has a very fine voice, clear and mellow in a remarkable degree, though perhaps not possessing those wonderfully rich deep tones which rendered the voice of Herr Formes unique. His intonation is always truthful (a most desirable qualification in a bass), and his singing tells of a good school. On the whole, I doubt whether Mefistofele ever had a more characteristic or a more powerful interpreter. He is the very impersonation of Goethe's bantering, ironical *diavolo*. He sings the bacchanalian couplets with a vigour which brings down the house; he makes an immense deal of the scene in which he is attacked by Valentino and the students in the second act; and he is really magnificent in the scene outside the church with Margherite, where his grand voice, his wondrous "make-up," and his artistic acting, all combine to make this passage one of the most effective in the opera. After what I have said of Signor Atry, I trust that I give good news to the frequenters of Covent Garden when I tell them that in a few months time they will have an opportunity of hearing this eminent artist. The orchestra of La Pergola, to which much attention has been paid lately, has gained vigour and breadth of style, and is now certainly one of the best in Italy. That every member of the orchestra enters heart and soul into his work, and feels a pride in assisting in the execution of so fine a composition, I can readily believe; for the band is almost faultless from beginning to end—the uncommon accuracy that distinguishes the accompaniments being no less remarkable than the admirable performance of the impressive introduction. If the chorus was up to the same standard of excellence as the band, the performance of *Faust* here would be very near perfection. In spite, however, of numberless inaccuracies, a want of steadiness, and a great disregard of light and shade, the chorus singers always manage to secure for themselves two encores nightly—the strikingly-original chorus of old men, and the magnificent soldier's chorus, "Gloria immortale"—though in the latter case I think the compliment is intended rather for the music than for the singers. In conclusion, Gounod's *chef d'œuvre*—having the advantage of an unrivalled Margherite, a Mefistofele whose equal could not easily be found, a most artistic Faust, excellence in the minor parts, a superb *mise-en-scène*, and a first-rate orchestra—has been performed nineteen times within a month, the applause being always warm, and at times enthusiastic; so that now the Tuscans, as well as the Lombards, have confirmed the verdict pronounced by the public of every other country where *Faust* has been

heard, and which proclaims M. Gounod one of the greatest composers of the day.

A. S. C.

[Readers of the *Musical World* are requested to understand that we by no means consider ourselves responsible for the opinions of our clever, pleasant, and enthusiastic correspondent. Mdle. Lotti Della Santa and Herr Stigel (Stigelli) must be wonderfully improved if they are really now what "A. S. C." represents them to be; and, for this reason, we would rather judge for ourselves of Sig. Bignardi, Sig. Atry, Mdle. Boschetti, &c. Mdle. Viale could never sing at all, and M. Derivis (a Frenchman) could never sing well; while the last time we heard the orchestra of the Pergola it was simply detestable. Nor can we endorse without reserve the opinions of our correspondent on Verdi and Gounod. Nevertheless, his letters are cordial and charming, and for that reason we publish them.—Ed. M. W.]

A LETTER FROM DISHLEY PETERS.

To the Editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—This is not a long letter, but a short letter. I was at Vienna, and I heard Herr Ernst Pauer. That, you will say, was hardly worth the pains of a journey to so remote a capital. You are right; but I was at Vienna, and having, I will not say *nothing better* to do, but *nothing at all* to do, I went to a concert, and there I heard Herr Ernst Pauer. Having nothing at all to do, I sat out the whole concert. At the end of my *séance* I felt very hungry. They say that hearing music makes one hungry. That is possible; but hearing such music as is made by Herr Ernst Pauer gives one a peculiar *thirst*—a thirst for beer. Accordingly I went to a beershop near St Stephens' (where I used to see "few" Saphir and Leopold, the living de Meyer) and drank beer. While drinking beer I began to think, and in the process of thinking fell asleep. I had a horrible dream. I dreamed that I heard Herr Ernst Pauer's concert all through again, from the first piece to the last. In dreaming I said aloud to myself: I have done nothing to deserve this, and in saying this much aloud to myself I awoke! When I awoke that sempiternal "*Cascade*" seemed to be gushing slowly and painfully out of my ears. "No matter"—I involuntarily shrieked—"no matter," whether I have *nothing better* to do, or whether I have *nothing at all* to do, I will never go again to a concert of Herr Ernst Pauer's. It is the very Wölfenbüttelism of pleonasm. I then relapsed into slumber quite unconsciously.

Three days after I went to get shaved, at a shaving shop also near St. Stephen's. The shavers were all shaving, like diligent shavers of their shears. So I had to wait. I waited for my turn, and took up a paper. In the paper which I took up I read as follows:—

"We may mention Herr Ernst Pauer, the pianist, as one of the artists we were most pleased to see during the present concert-season. He first gave a *soirée* in Streicher's saloon, and then a concert in the hall of the Musical Association. It was not merely the grateful recollection of his visit, years ago, which caused the very numerous audience to accord him so hearty a reception. Between this visit and the concert of the day before yesterday, Herr Pauer had rendered some valuable services, which made his name known in the most distant localities, but more especially popular in his native country, Austria; we allude to his exertions at the great exhibition in London. His sagacious and powerful assistance has done much towards causing the manufacture of instruments in Austria and the *Zölverein* to be subsequently viewed in a new light of just appreciation. What he did at the Exhibition conducted moreover to give the public a proper idea of his professional merits. While Pauer, as a juror, protected music in the material means by which she works, he had long previously striven and worked for her ideal objects. *By precept and by example, as a teacher and as a "virtuoso,"* has Pauer for the last twelve years sowed, with the most satisfactory results, the seeds of German feeling for music in England. To us Germans has been entrusted the intellectual mission "of carrying civilisation to

the east;" but the German musician must also take care of a good portion of the west. There are still in England large tracts of musical education so unsatisfactorily cultivated as to give plenty of employment to German missionaries. Pauer is such a missionary, and one of the best class; as head pastor of German music in London, he has musically christened and confirmed innumerable ladies and gentlemen. The fact of Pauer's having speedily gained, by his acquirements, his activity, and his character, universal authority in England has been attended with advantage to art, for an Englishman believes in authority. On the strength of Pauer's "*Historical Concerts*" not a few "*dilletanti*" in London have rendered themselves acquainted with Bach, (!!) Beethoven, (!!!) and Schumann.

We ought and must remind our readers of all this on the present occasion, for it is very certain that the audience remembered it all on Sunday afternoon when they beheld advancing before them the slim, grenadier-like figure, with the true-hearted look and the friendly smile, that, a certain number of years since, left this city as Ernst Pauer "to try his fortunes in the wide world."

In his time, we have done justice to Pauer's playing. We can now only add that his style has become more consolidated, polished and refined. We cannot say "*transfigured*," for Pauer belongs to those happily constituted individuals whose talents and impulses are, from the first, in harmonious equilibrium, and whose development takes place without any volcanic process or embarrassing obscurity. Clear, correct and convincing does his play speak to the hearer, not with power that carries the latter away, but with the most winning grace. It is invariably baptised in moderation of feeling, which, it is true, does not venture on the loftiest flights, but which can boast of possessing the right means of expressing what is powerful as well as what is pleasing. Over everything that Pauer undertakes there hovers the spirit of certain success, the steadfastness of tried views on art, and the cheerfulness of a well-ordered mind.

Works of demoniacal passion like Schumann's D minor Trio, or Beethoven's C minor Sonata, Op. 111., we can imagine more powerfully and more boldly conceived; (*really!*) nay, we could sometimes wish them to be so (*is it possible?*)—but, within the circle which Pauer's *individuality* (!) describes around these objects, they appear free from blemish, and executed with the utmost evenness and delicacy. No man can render more beautifully than Pauer the tender passages of Beethoven's variations, especially the difficult trill-variations. (*Diable!*)

After these two great pieces and a nervous, fresh concerto by Handel, which last production Pauer performed most admirably, it was only just that we should be made acquainted with his art from its worldly side as well.

He played his "*Cascade*," which has long been a fashionable study in London (!), and a *bravura* waltz, of his own composition, with that elegance and delicacy which * * * * *

After reading this, I cried out (involuntarily) "*Per Bacco!*"—when straightway a shaver took me and shaved me. Leopold de Meyer then suddenly made his appearance. "De Meyer!" quoth I. "Peters!" quoth he. "I have read a critique," quoth I. "You have?" quoth he. I told him all about it; I remonstrated; I said Herr Ernst Pauer had taught us in England no more of Bach and Beethoven than we knew before he came. "You are a goose," observed De Meyer, "who believes he did?" "What then am I to understand?" I asked. "Whatever you please," he answered, "but come and dine with me at ———, and I will tell you what is thought of Pauer out of Wölfenbüttel." "But the article," said I. "Never mind the article," said he. So we dined together, and talked of Manhattan.

King and Beard, Ilfracombe,

DISHLEY PETERS.

Devon. Jan. 27.

P.S.—By the way, has Ernst Pauer really been such a musical prophet in England?—and is he really a Brummagem Charles Hallé?—D. P.

[Apply to Owen Ap' Mutton, Esq.—Ed. M. W.]

THE OXFORD PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—In an article appearing in your paper, of Jan. the 9th last, on the appointment of Cathedral Organists, the writer was evidently, as I can show, under several wrong impressions; and, as I am sure you would rather your paper

should assert facts than what is not the case, allow me to make a few remarks to contradict the errors in the article referred to, which may have led many of your readers to form wrong conclusions.

Referring to the protest against "men of great ability" being "ignored to make way for the unknown protégés of an aggressive and bigoted church party," and to the order that "the caputular bodies seem to have tacitly arrived at a resolution to commit all such appointments to the decision of the Reverend Sir Frederic G. Ouseley," specially alluding to "the last two cathedral appointments that have been made," it is very well known by Sir Frederic Ouseley's friends and by all who know much of him, that he does not belong to any "Church party;" and I am in a condition to state positively that Sir Frederic Ouseley had *nothing whatever, directly or indirectly*, to do with either of those appointments; so the appointments have certainly not been "committed to his decision," and only in the imagination of the writer of the said articles were "such responsibilities placed in his hands."

The writer of the article in question certainly implies that Sir Frederick Ouseley upholds *Gregorian* ("unbarred") music: it is but just to Sir Frederick and fair to the public that it should be distinctly known that, far from being an upholder of Gregorian music, he has constantly, all his life, *strongly opposed* that style of music in every way in his power, in his professional lectures at Oxford, and in his lectures on church music in various parts of the kingdom. Furthermore, he does not allow Gregorian music to be sung in Hereford Cathedral (where he is Precentor), and he has established and endowed a choir in his college at Tenbury where not only is such music rigidly excluded by him, but every care has been taken that that kind of music shall never be sung in his college hereafter; and, lastly, it surprises me that Sir Frederick Ouseley should be charged with sympathizing with Gregorian music, while it is so recently that this style of music was so strongly denounced by him in his paper which he read before the Manchester Church Congress, and which has appeared in several London newspapers.

Trusting you will allow this letter to appear in your next impression,

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,
Queen's College, J. F. ERSKINE GOODEVE.
Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1864. M.A. Cantab.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The following retire from the Council at the next general meeting, *Wednesday, Feb. 3*:—Mr. Henry Smart, (*Professional*); the Rev. Sir W. Henry Cope, Bart., and Mr. Edward James, Q.C., (*Non-Professional*). The following have been nominated for election on the Council:—Senor Manuel Garcia, M.D., (*Professional*); the Rev. Sir W. Henry Cope, Bart., and Mr. Edward James, Q.C., (*Non-Professional*). There are eight vacancies amongst Professional, and six amongst Non-Professional Fellows).

The following Associates have been nominated as eligible for election at this Meeting:—Luigi Arditi, Henry Baumer, Benjamin Blyth, M.A., J. T. Carrodus, William Carter, Michael Costa, Charles J. Hargitt, E. Stanton Jones, W. H. Monk, W. Redfearn, Cipriani Potter, F. Schira, R. Harold Thomas (*Professional*); George Davy, Dr. James Parker Deane, Q.C., the Earl of Dunraven, Robert G. G. James, Thos. Lintott, Charles Plowden, Henry Rougier, and Dr. W. Stevens Squire (*Non-Professional*). A stormy meeting is anticipated.

MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTHDAY.—The 54th anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth will be commemorated on Wednesday, February 3rd, by the National Choral Society, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, when *Elijah* will be performed by a band and chorus of 700 performers. Principal singers, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Miss Annie Cox, Mr. G. A. Carter, Mr. J. Matthews, &c., Organist, Mr. John G. Boardman.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The weather is making sad havoc among the singers, and at all the musical theatres a change in the performance is almost nightly necessitated. The skies seemed to have rained coughs, colds, rheumatisms, sciaticas, lumbagos, and a whole deluge of bronchial diseases—all on Paris—which prevail to a greater extent in and around the Boulevards. I told you that M. Warot's indisposition had stopt the performances of *Moïse* for eight days at the Opera. When the tenor recovered the baritone was attacked, and M. Faure, who was compelled to take to his bed, was replaced in the character of Pharaon by M. Bonneseur, who in turn ceded that of Osiris to M. Vidal. So far whatever may have been the difference between M. Faure and M. Bonneseur, the illness of the former was not of such vital consequence as to enforce the withdrawal of Rossini's opera. If *Moïse* did not go on so swimmingly with M. Bonneseur as with M. Faure, it went on at all events—which was not the case, however, when Mdle. Marie Battu was "enrhumed." This had the effect of bringing about a change in the performance—*Le Trouvere* being substituted for *Moïse*. Such repeated disappointments would prove fatal to an ordinary work; but *Moïse* stands its ground despite all reverses and obstructions, and the eight first representations, I am told, averaged ten thousand francs. M. Villaret and Mdle. Marie Saxe, who were laid up for some time with sore throats, have reappeared in the *Juive*. Meanwhile the utmost activity prevails at the great national theatre. Rehearsals are progressing morn, noon, and night. *Roland à Roncevaux* is still promised for the month of March, and the *début* of Mdle. Amina Boschetti, in the new ballet of MM. de Saint Georges, Rota, and Giorja is looked forward to with interest. A new one act opera, by M. Ernest Boulanger, to be given at the same time as the ballet, will serve for the *début* of a young singer named Mdme., or Mdle. Léveilli. By the way, the distribution of the characters in *Roland* comprises the names of M. Gueymard (Roland), M. Belval (Archbishop Turpin), M. Cazaux (Gannelon), M. Warot (a herd), Mdme. Gueymard (Alde), Mdle. de Taisy (Zaida), Mdle. de Saint-Aguet (a page), &c., &c.—At the Italiens, Mdle. Adelina Patti, having recovered from her illness, has appeared three times in the *Sonnambula*, singing and acting her very best, and re-awakening the old enthusiasm. Others at this theatre, besides Mdle. Patti, have been afflicted with the prevailing complaint. Mdme. Chardon-Demeur has been laid up for some days; and even M. Castagnin is obliged to abandon his stick and take to his bed. A new tenor, Signor Musiani, has made his *début* as Manrico, in the *Trovatore*, with but little effect, owing, it is affirmed by his friends, to a severe cold. His voice certainly sounded hoarse. Mdme. Meric-Lablache, stimulated, I presume, by the reception of Mdme., or Mdle. Lumley—there is no greater restorer of vocal powers than the success of a rival—has reappeared in the part of Azucena. Talking of Mdle. Patti, the dispute about her age is put beyond all dispute. The *Gazette des Etrangers* has published a fac-simile copy of her baptismal register, which I send you for the satisfaction of those friends of the young lady who have all along insisted that she is *many* years older than she declares herself to be. It now turns out that Mdle. Adelina Patti will be twenty-one on the 19th of next month, which proves that she must have been a mere girl when she came to London, some three years and a half since. Here is the baptismal register, copied from the original:—

"Act of baptism of Mdle. Adelina Patti, copied from the original by the kindness of Signor D. Pedro Alba, vicar of the Church of St. Louis, at Madrid."

"(Extract from the forty-second book of baptisms, fol. 153)."

"In the city of Madrid, same province, the 8th of April, 1843, I—D. Jose Losada, vicar of the parish church of St. Louis—did solemnly baptise a female child, born at four o'clock p.m., on the 19th of February last, legitimate daughter of D. Salvador Patti, professor of music, born at Catania, in Sicily, and of D. Catalina Chiesa, born at Rome—D. Pedro and D. Concepcion Madrino, born at Catania, being paternal grandfather and grandmother, and D. Juan, of Venice, and D. Luisa Castelli, of Marino, in the Pontifical States, maternal. The child was christened Adela Juana Maria. The godfather and godmother were D. José Sinico, of Venice, professor of music, and his wife, D. Rosa Manara Sinico, of Cremona, in Lombardy, to whom I explained the spiritual parentage as well as the obligations which it involves. The witnesses were Julian Hneza and Ceziano Garcia, of Madrid, Sacristans of this church. "In virtue of which I have completed and legalised the present act, the eighth day of April.

(Signed) JOSE LOSADA."

The programme of the second concert of the Society's Concerts at the Conservatoire included Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensee*; chorus from Rameau's *Castor et Pollux*; Beethoven's Concerto in C minor—M. Georges Pfeiffer at the piano; choruses from Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*; and Haydn's Symphony, No. 31. The programme of the sixteenth Popular Concert of Classical Music (second series), which took place on Sunday, was as follows:—Overture to *Il Flauto Magico*—Mozart; Symphony in B flat—Beethoven; Sonata for the violoncello—Boccherini (Sig. Piatti); Andante—Haydn; Symphony in A major (Italian)—Mendelssohn. The third and last series of these concerts will commence on Sunday, the 14th of February. It will comprise six performances of classical music, and three "festivals," devoted severally to the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Haydn.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The return of M. Vieuxtemps, chief of the great Belgian school of violin-playing, and one of the most renowned *virtuosi* to whom the chronicles of the "Fiddle," ancient or modern, make allusion, is always an event of extraordinary interest for the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, who on Monday night flocked to St. James's Hall in such numbers, that shortly after the performance began scarcely standing room could be found. The year—the sixth of the existence of an institution which, if it is carried on in the manner to which the musical public have been accustomed (and for that the antecedents of its director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, offer a pretty safe guarantee) promises to enjoy an unusually long and prosperous life—could not have been inaugurated more auspiciously. It was the 140th concert, and not one of the 139 preceding programmes has surpassed in variety and excellence the scheme made out for the occasion. M. Vieuxtemps, who was warmly welcomed, came forward with the magnificent quartet in A minor, Op. 13, which if not the first that Mendelssohn produced—as may be seen on consulting that provoking catalogue of his MSS., just published by Herr Rietz, of Leipzig, one of the unlucky "Four" to whom the care of them was for some years confided, and for a purpose they have wholly failed to carry out—is at any rate among the first considered worthy, at the time, of being engraved. What Mendelssohn thought of this quartet, composed at the age of 18, two years after the *Otello*, when his young head was full of the later works of Beethoven's so-called "Third Period"—as if Beethoven's style had not been gradually developed, like that of any other master—may be gathered from several passages in his letters, and more especially from one in a letter to his father, dated "Paris, March 18, 1832:"—

"I can see that you seem rather inclined to deride my A minor quartet, when you say there is a piece of instrumental music which has made you rack your brains to discover the composer's thoughts, while he probably had no thoughts at all. I must defend the work, for I love it; but it certainly depends very much on the way it is executed, and a single musician who could perform it with zeal and sympathy, as Taubert did, would make a vast difference.—Your Felix."

"Thirty-two years have elapsed," the Analytical Programme reminds us—"since the above was written." Meanwhile Paris has as completely forgotten the Quartet in A minor as though it had never been played, while London is only just beginning to know it. For its most recent introduction we are indebted to M. Vieuxtemps, who on Monday night played it for the third time at St. James's Hall. Eminently adapted to his large, nervous, energetic style of bowing, this quartet—like Schubert's in D minor—has become so closely associated with the name of M. Vieuxtemps that habitual frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts would not willingly hear it led by any other violinist while the services of the accomplished Belgian are obtainable. On the present occasion his performance was as grand as before—in some instances perhaps even surpassing previous efforts. The whole work—long, elaborate, and undeviatingly serious as it is—was listened to by the closely packed "2,000" with intense delight, the quaint *intermezzo*, with its crisp and piquant *trio*, being encoored with rapture. To repeat it, in obedience to a desire so unanimously expressed, was inevitable; and the second performance afforded no less satisfaction than the first. The other players in the quartet—Messrs. L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque (second violin, viola, and violoncello)—were in all respects equal to their task, and followed their leader as closely as though their three fiddles, big and small, had been inseparable supplements of his own. Mr. H. Webb deserves a word of eulogy apart, for the uniformly steady and artistic way in which he took up the important points in each movement so lavishly awarded to the viola—an instrument, by the way, for which Mendelssohn entertained a strong predilection, and on which he was himself a performer (as old London amateurs of quartet-playing may remember) of no ordinary skill. The other quartet—in D major, the sixth of the inexhaustible Haydn's Op. 50—was heard for the first time at these concerts. It is a fresh, vigorous, and admirable composition, exhibiting the talent of the genial master in its prime, and his melodic invention as free and unfettered as the winds.

The *adagio* particularly (in the minor key) is a movement everywhere impressed with the genius of Haydn. A more happy contrast to the graver and sadder inspiration of Mendelssohn, or a more effective *finale* to the concert, could not possibly have been found; and it is a pity that so many (anxious, no doubt, in consequence of the crowded state of the hall, about the means of getting comfortably home) went away without hearing it to the very end. The only imaginable reproach to these excellent entertainments is the seemingly unavoidable interruption so often experienced by such as wish to hear the entire performance undisturbed, during the first movement of the first quartet and the last movement of the last. These late arrivals and early departures, it should be stated, are exclusively connected with the occupants of the "stalls" and reserved seats; the more thoroughly music-loving "shillings" invariably arriving in good time, and remaining until the last note has been twanged from the strings or drawn out by the bow.

The pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé, who selected the superb sonata in F minor (op. 57) of Beethoven, which the Hamburg music publisher, Cranz (not Beethoven), christened "*Sonata Appassionata*," as he had already christened the sonata in D, op. 28, "*Sonata Pastorale*"—equally without the master's consent or knowledge. Mr. Hallé has seldom performed this great work more splendidly. He played it without book and, at the termination of his performance, was loudly summoned to the platform. The violin sonata was the one which Mozart composed for the famous lady violinist, Mlle. Strinasacchi, of whom the illustrious musician, in a letter addressed to his father, and dated "Vienna, April 24, 1784," writes as beneath:—

"We have here at this moment the celebrated Strinasacchi, from Mantua, an excellent violinist. Her playing is remarkable for taste and expression. I am composing a sonata, which we are to play together on Thursday at her concert in the theatre."

This was the sonata, too, which Mozart—to the great annoyance of the fair Mantuan—could only find time to write out on the day immediately preceding the concert, and with his accustomed negligence, forgetting all about the rehearsal, was obliged to play with her untried. The violin part had alone been committed to paper, Mozart—to the surprise of his attached, though not over munificent patron, Joseph II.—having nothing more than a blank sheet before him; so that the pianoforte part was fairly improvised. "What," exclaimed the Emperor, calling for Mozart at the termination of the sonata, "has it again come to this?" "Yes, your Majesty," replied Mozart, "but not a single note fell under the desk." Thus it would appear to have been a habit with Mozart literally to invent his own part in a composition on the day of performance. That the Strinasacchi sonata, in its day regarded as a brilliant and trying piece of display, presented no difficulties to such modern *virtuosi* as MM. Hallé and Vieuxtemps, may be as easily believed as that their reading of it throughout was the true one. It elicited, as usual, unanimous marks of approval.

The vocal music included two songs by M. Gounod—the well-known serenade, "*Quand tu chantes bercée*," sung by Mlle. Parepa, to the accompaniment of pianoforte and harmonium (Mr. Benedict and Herr Engel—a faultless performance on all hands; and one of the *Vingt Melodies*, to words by various authors. The first was loudly asked for again, and the concluding verse repeated. The second, "*The Pilgrim*" originally set to Beranger's *Jaif Errant*:—

"Chretien, au voyageur souffrant,
Tends un verre d'eau sur ta porte!"

—is an English adaptation, or rather "imitation," of Beranger, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, who, in the programme, makes an elaborate apology for his work being so very unlike the original. The song, nobly delivered by Mr. Santley, was greatly applauded; it, nevertheless, appears to us to have been suggested by the "Wanderer" of Schubert, and to show M. Gounod's inability, in this class of lyric production, to approach, much less to equal, the greatest and most prolific of all known composers of the *Lied*, or romantic ballad. The next vocal piece was Mr. Benedict's clever and fanciful *scena*, "*What shall I sing?*" in which the Swiss, Italian, and French styles are alternately and admirably parodied, and which had already been heard at one of his own concerts; the last was Signor Ardit's "*Stirrup Cup*." Mlle. Parepa sang the first, and was recalled at the conclusion, Mr. Santley the last, which was vociferously encored. Mr. Benedict's consummate ability as an accompanist was put to the test, both in his own song and the *Jaif Errant* of M. Gounod, and passed the ordeal as of old.

The anniversary of Mozart's birthday occurring during the present week (he was born on the 27th of January, 1756, and died on the 5th December, 1791, in his 36th year) it has been found expedient to devote the whole of the concert on the Monday following to his works. M. Vieuxtemps is to lead the Quintet in A, with clarinet (Mr. Lazarus); Madame Arabella Goddard is to play one of the solo sonatas, a sonata with M. Vieuxtemps, and the Pianoforte Quartet in G minor (with stringed instruments); and Mlle. Florence Lancia and Mr. Santley are to sing airs from several of his operas. The occasion is worthy and the programme good.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The sixth season began on Wednesday night with a splendid concert, every piece in the programme, with a single exception, being as welcome as it was good, and the whole arranged with due regard to contrast and variety. The brilliant audience which thronged St. James's Hall showed that this already flourishing, although young, society has lost none of the *prestige* which it gained in so unprecedentedly short a time, and which, it must be admitted, it has done its very best honorably to maintain. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Struensee)	Meyerbeer.
Recit. and Air, "O ruddier than the cherry" (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.
Concerto in D minor—pianoforte (with orchestra)	Mozart.
Grand Scena ed aria (Richard Cœur de Lion)	Benedict.
Overture, "Coriolanus"	Beethoven.

PART II.

Symphony No. 4, in F (Die Weihe der Töne)	Spohr.
Duo, "Anna tu plangi" (Maometto Secondo)	Rossini.
Overture (Le Médecin malgré lui)	Gounod.

The exception alluded to was the *bravura* duet from Rossini's *Maometto Secondo* (an opera afterwards readapted, improved, and considerably extended for the Grand Opera in Paris, where it was produced under the new title of *Le Siège de Corinthe*). Though both legitimate and effective upon the stage, this duet was absurdly out of place at such a concert, and suffered all the more from coming immediately after an elaborate, gorgeous and imposing piece of orchestral music like Spohr's fourth symphony—which concert-givers will absurdly persist in entitling "The Power of Sound." It was so well sung, however, by Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley—the former of whom had already distinguished herself in the fine dramatic scene from Mr. Benedict's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and the latter earned fresh laurels for his unrivalled execution of the great love-song of Polyphème—that its want of keeping with all that had gone before appeared less obtrusive and strange than might otherwise have been the case.

The instrumental part of the concert offered more than ordinary attractions; and on no previous occasion has the truly "grand" orchestra over which it is Mr. Alfred Mellon's good fortune to preside, a good fortune to which, though many may envy his privilege, none can deny his right, more completely satisfied the audience—an audience, be it remembered, nine-tenths of whom are either professors or cultivated amateurs—by its almost everywhere effective, nay, unimpeachable performance. We say "almost," because in one instance we felt convinced that this unequalled band did not quite do justice either to its own well-won reputation or to the music committed to its charge; and this instance was unluckily at the expense of the single novelty in the programme, viz., the overture to M. Gounod's opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*—founded upon Molière's celebrated comedy of that name. That after their previous exertions, in three long and trying compositions, the members of the orchestra were a little fatigued, may fairly be pleaded in their defence; but this should serve as a hint to those who draw up the programmes, never henceforth to place a new and unknown piece at the end of a concert. M. Gounod's overture is quaint, sparkling and dramatic. Its merits, however, such as they are, were now but very faintly revealed; and it is to be hoped that connoisseurs may suspend their judgment until they enjoy the advantage of another hearing, under less unfavorable circumstances. A selection, by the way, from *Le Médecin malgré lui* would be a tempting feature at one of the concerts, remembering what slight chance there is of our ever hearing the work performed, either at the Italian or the English Opera, in London. It contains, among other things worthy notice, a superb air for bass—which, seeing that Mr. Santley was engaged, it would have been judicious to introduce in yesterday evening's programme.

* Meyerbeer's music to *Struensee* (a well-known German tragedy by Michael Beer, brother of the celebrated musician) must be heard entire to be thoroughly understood and appreciated. The overture, which had already been given at the Philharmonic Concerts, is a picturesque and glowing specimen of orchestral writing, interesting under any circumstances, if only as a well-considered effort by the composer of *The Huguenots*, but doubly interesting when heard in connexion with the play for which it was intended, and with the rest of the music by which that play is so remarkably illustrated. The performance last night was both striking and correct, and, difficult as he is to satisfy, would, we think, have obtained the composer's unqualified approval. It was received with every mark of favor. The overture to *Coriolanus*, composed by Beethoven—for a German tragedy of that name, from the pen of Herr Colin—is worthier of being the prelude to our English *Coriolanus*, with the spirit of which it is, from the first bar to the end, so vividly instinct as to leave small room to doubt that Beethoven derived his inspiration not from Colin but from Shakspeare. Never in our remembrance has there been so admirable a performance of this overture—the grandest, the deepest, the most romantic and

beautiful for which the world has to thank the incomparable master to whom the orchestra owes more than to any other. The applause at the end was unanimous.

Mozart's Concerto in D minor—the noblest of a whole gallery of *chef-d'œuvres* bequeathed by the richly endowed musician to the repertory of the pianoforte—introduced Miss Agnes Zimmerman for the first time to the patrons of these concerts. The ordeal was a trying one; but Miss Zimmerman—of whose performances at the Royal Academy of Music (where she is, or was, a pupil), the Crystal Palace, and the Hanover-square Rooms, we have more than once had occasion to speak in terms of praise—passed it with the utmost credit to herself and to the evident gratification of her hearers. The precise and accurate execution of this young lady eminently befits her for the task of performing to the accompaniment of an orchestra, a task which many aspirants, otherwise talented, can never summon up nerve to accomplish steadily. Mr. Alfred Mellon seemed as much at his ease as though he had conducted to her playing many times already, though we are mistaken if he has ever done so till now. Miss Zimmerman played the first and last movements pretty nearly as Mozart left them, selecting (unhappily we think) the exquisitely melodious romance for such ornaments and graces as she may have culled from the "fancy" editions of Cramer, &c. Nor can we praise the "cadenzas" interpolated (according to accepted custom) in the other movements, from what source soever they may have been obtained. A pianist not endowed with the genius for improvisation which distinguished Mendelssohn (and where can one be found who is?) would do wisely, in playing Mozart's concertos, to take the "cadenzas" written by Hummel—"cadenzas" which might have been signed "Mozart," and none dispute their being genuine. The audience received Miss Zimmerman with encouraging kindness, and throughout her performance were liberal of their applause. She has now made the first really important step in her professional career, and with such success that both her friends and herself have reason to be satisfied.

The *capo d'opera* of this excellent concert may be described in a sentence. Spohr's magnificent symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*—first brought out in London, at the Philharmonic Concerts, Hanover-square, a quarter of a century since, and more than once played before English amateurs under the direction of the great composer himself—was performed for the third time by the band of the Musical Society of London, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's intelligent direction. The first performance, it will hardly be forgotten, made the society's reputation in one evening: all London spoke of it. The second was, by general consent, less unexceptionable; but the third—the one under notice—can scarcely fail to have impressed the whole audience as being the best of all. In a word, it was perfection. Of the symphony itself we need say no more than what we have said before—viz., that it is the masterwork of Spohr, whether regarded from the point of view of its imaginative power, or of its wonderfully ingenious construction. Thus "interpreted," it cannot be heard too often, and—as was the case on Wednesday night—must always be listened to with rapture and applauded with enthusiasm.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—(List of the Orchestra for the Sixth Season).—Conductor.—Mr. Alfred Mellon.—1st Violins:—Messrs. H. G. Blagrove and P. Sainton (Principals), J. Bannister, J. T. Carrodus, R. Clementi, J. B. Dando, Carl Goffrig, H. Weist, Hill, Jacquin, F. W. Kreutzer, Adolphe Pollitzer, Louis Ries, E. W. Thomas, Max Vogel, J. T. Willy, and J. B. Zerbini.—2nd Violins:—Messrs. William Watson (Principal), S. Bort, A. Burnett, J. J. Calkin, C. Colchester, F. R. Folkes, E. Stanton Jones, J. M. Marshall, J. Newsham, Edward Payton, J. Schmidt, Alexander Simmonds, Alfred Streather, Van Heddegham, Thos. Watson, Henry Wheatley, Jun.—Violas:—Messrs. R. Blagrove and W. H. Webb (Principals), J. Broedelet, Glanvill, R. Hann, W. H. Hann, J. Thompson, H. J. Trust, W. W. Waud, T. Westrop.—Violoncellos:—Messrs. George Collins (Principal), W. H. Aylward, Horatio Chipp, Hugo Daubert, H. W. Goodman, Alfred Guest, Charles Ould, G. Paque, Walter Pettit, and R. H. Reed.—Double Bases:—Messrs. James Howell (Principal), William Castell, Thomas Edgar, Arthur Howell, John Reynolds, Charles Severn, Joseph Waud, A. C. White, and A. Winterbottom.—Flutes:—Messrs. R. S. Pratten and R. S. Rockstro.—Piccolo.—Mr. J. Schmidt.—Oboes:—Messrs. A. R. M. Barret and Alfred Nicholson.—Clarionets:—Messrs. Henry Lazarus and F. H. Maycock.—Bassoons:—Messrs. John Winterbottom and J. G. Waetzig.—Horns:—Messrs. Charles Harper, J. W. Standen, T. E. Mann and R. Koevil.—Trumpets:—Messrs. Thomas Harper and R. J. Ward.—Trombones:—Messrs. J. Hawkes, Antoine and W. Winterbottom.—Ophicleide, Mr. S. Hughes.—Cornets:—Messrs. Stanton Jones and F. J. Sutton.—Drum.—Mr. C. F. Horton.—Bass Drum and Cymbals.—Mr. R. W. Seymour.—Side Drum.—Mr. Pheasant.—Triangle.—Mr. Horton. Librarian and Copyist for the Orchestra, Mr. C. F. Horton.

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